

Youth

For Everybody

June

15¢



In This Issue

You CAN
Succeed

The Tenth
Man

Graduation

Freedom

A Matter of
"Pull"



GENE MORROW

Eyes that disregard the rain see the rainbow

ERNEST C. WILSON, *Editor*

CONTENTS

Cover, "Graduation," drawn for *Youth* by *Gene Thornton*

Short Stories

- A Matter of "Pull" *Alberta Flanders* 4
Freedom *Clinton E. Bernard* 12
Graduation *Gene Thornton* 27

Serial

- Sandsy's Rebellion, Part V *Gardner Hunting* 8

Verse

- Dreams *Edgar Daniel Kramer* 10
Miracles *Anna Murry Movius* 20

Other Features

- Let's Talk It Over 3
"This Is WOQ Broadcasting" *Judson Woods* 14
You Can Succeed 20
Thought Stretchers 22
Grin Stretchers 23
The Tenth Man 26

Youth is published the first day of each month by the Unity School of Christianity, 917 Tracy, Kansas City, Mo. Subscription price, \$1.50 a year. Entered as second-class matter December 14, 1926, at the post office at Kansas City, Missouri, under the act of March 3, 1879. Accepted for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, act of October 3, 1917, authorized December 14, 1926.

Unity School publishes the following named periodicals, also: *Unity*, *Weekly Unity*, *Christian Business*, *Unity Daily Word*, and *Wee Wisdom*. These Unity periodicals may now be obtained direct from Unity School, and (excepting *Weekly Unity*) from leading news stands, book stores, or local Unity centers. Single copies, 15 cents; \$1.50 a year.

Let's Talk It Over

By Ourselves

All Through Life—Commencements

TO THOUSANDS of the readers of *Youth* magazine this is commencement time. They are graduating. It is significant that the completion of their school or college work is called commencement.

A fact, often overlooked, is that commencements do not stop when our formal education is completed. They recur continually through life.

The conclusion of anything in life is also the commencement—of something else.

Endings and beginnings are a continuous life process. We cannot well avoid them, and we should not try. How we meet them and how we think of them is all-important.

We can be happy or sad about almost anything.

Look backward and you are likely to be unhappy. Look to the future and you are likely to be discontented. Look to today and you are likely to be happy.

Prophets of old wisely stated that things come to pass.

Wise persons are content to let things pass, confident that if a good thing passes out of their life, a better will take its place.

Youth is another name for the expectancy of good. Fearfulness and regrets are symptoms that we are losing our youth.

Make every day a commencement, by living in the joy of the things at hand. Have no fear for the future, no regrets for the past. Make the best possible use of today, and today's acts will fulfill the joys and cancel the sorrows of yesterday. Make the most of the joys and opportunities of today, and tomorrow's will take care of themselves.

Do not hang on when it is time to let go. Do not grasp at things that are afar off.

There's a time for everything. When we try to prolong a thing beyond its time it becomes first ridiculous, then uncomfortable, finally impossible!

When we resist natural change we become unhappy. When we anticipate change before its time we are unhappy likewise.

We miss the joys of the moment if we dwell too much upon those which we hope the future will bring. Next winter's work and play will be enjoyable when we come to them, but they are only dreams at present; and today's work and play are the joyous ones of which, perhaps, we dreamed yesterday or yesteryear.

So it is commencement time for us whenever we willingly let go of something whose time is past and whose purpose is served; it is commencement time whenever we clearly see that in dismissing the past we do not lose, but simply make way for the blessings of today. However splendid was yesterday's pleasure, however glorious will be tomorrow's high achievement, there is nothing which can so greatly bless us today as the blessings of today.

Today is your commencement day if you appreciate today's blessings and accept them without regrets for the changes they bring.

A Matter of "Pull"

And Things That Matter More

By Alberta Flanders

LEILA swung the blue roadster around a corner and slowed down before a stucco bungalow standing well back from the street in the midst of spacious grounds.

"You won't mind stopping, Bernice?" she inquired of her companion. "I'm going to obey an impulse and speak to the caretaker here." She nodded toward a middle-aged woman with gray hair and tanned face who was training roses over a patio. A young man—dark like the woman, athletic looking and khaki clad—assisted her.

"I don't mind how long you stay here," Bernice laughed. "From childhood, this place has fascinated me. The back of the lot adjoins ours and I used to crawl through a gap in the hedge and spend hours playing in a charming old garden at the rear. Strange that Mary Williams should leave such a beautiful place unoccupied, except by servants, year after year, isn't it?"

"So strange that I'm about to seek information concerning the reason for her apparent indifference to her home," Leila replied.

As the blue roadster came to a stop and the girls got out, the woman and the young man looked up. Catching the woman's eye, Leila beckoned to her to come out.

Bernice thought it would have been more courteous of Leila to go to the woman, but, since the latter was on her way toward them, refrained from offering the suggestion.

Bernice noted the keenness of the glance the woman bent upon Leila and herself. She noted, also, the woman's hands, which were stained and roughened by manual labor. Particles of soil clung to them and to the faded but clean blue smock she wore.

"DID you wish something?" she inquired pleasantly.

"Nothing in particular," Leila smiled. "It's just that we were passing and—

we've always admired Mrs. Williams' place. I wondered why she never occupies it. I thought you might tell us the reason," she finished with a little laugh. The woman did not answer at once.

"Aren't you the same woman I saw here last summer working about the grounds and taking care of the flowers?" Leila asked, filling in a pause that threatened to become awkward.

"Yes," the woman replied, "I've been here part of the past two summers." She hesitated, then finally gave an answer to Leila's questions about Mrs. Williams.

"She is very fond of her home in Maine and also of the one in Chicago," she told Leila. "Perhaps that is the reason she spends little time in California."

"Mother says it's twenty years since Mary Williams has been here. I should say that her girlhood home means nothing to her."

There was an implied criticism of Mrs. Williams in Leila's words and voice that surprised Bernice, as did the curt and condescending way in which she thanked the caretaker. Bernice wondered if the slight hesitation the woman had shown when questioned about her employer was responsible for Leila's scant graciousness.

"After all," she thought, "it might almost be considered impertinent to make inquiries that concerned Mrs. Williams personally."

"Your roses are lovely," she smiled at the woman with a warm desire to make up for any lack of courtesy in Leila's manner.

"Thank you." About the woman's eyes crinkled an answering smile.

"Good-by," Bernice called and waved her hand as Leila released the clutch and started the blue roadster.

"Probably some Japanese gardener's wife and son," Leila remarked to Bernice when they were beyond hearing distance.

"They didn't look Japanese to me," Bernice replied.

"You never can tell about these brown eyed types in California," Leila reminded her with an air of wisdom. Then she gave her entire attention to the car and it was Bernice who spoke next, going back to the subject of Mary Williams.

"I've read all Mrs. Williams' books," she said, "and I'd love to meet her."

"Her books don't interest me," Leila



"Did you wish something?"

answered. "I think they're queer, but then Mrs. Williams has a reputation for being eccentric."

"Even if Mrs. Williams should come to Valyara I don't suppose a famous writer like her would have time or interest to spare for just me," Bernice mused aloud, her imagination fired by thought of the romance which Mrs. Williams symbolized to her.

Leila smiled unpleasantly: "Or for me either if I didn't have pull. But I've been corresponding with her all winter," she

boasted. "That surprises you, doesn't it?" She shot a sidewise glance at Bernice.

"It surely does," Bernice admitted. "Until you spoke to that woman, I wasn't aware that you knew Mrs. Williams."

"I've never met her," Leila replied, "but she was a schoolmate of Mother's, and when I go to Chicago this fall I expect her to do a lot for me—seeing that I meet the right people and introducing me at the Art Institute. It will be a great pull to have Mary Williams interested in me, and you know, Bernice, one just has to have pull to get on in the world. I only wish I were to enter the Institute as a prize winning pupil. That too would be pull—of another kind—for me. And winning the prize does *you* no good since you can't use it," she grumbled.

Bernice's gray eyes had lighted when

they talked of Mary Williams, but the light faded and she shook back her black hair with a gesture of irritation at mention of the prize.

Breaking a little silence that fell between them, Leila offered a remark that made Bernice start, for it was almost as though Leila had read her mind.

"Perhaps you thought I was abrupt with that caretaker at the Mary Williams place," she said. Then, without waiting for a reply, she went on, "I think if you show servants their place from the first you get along with them better, and, as it seems probable that I shall stay with Mrs. Williams part of this winter, I feel it's wise to start right."

"Snobbishness!" Bernice thought indignantly. It wasn't the first time, she reflected, that Leila had shown that trait. Controlling a desire to tell her so, she felt glad that the short drive around the few blocks was over and she could escape from Leila's company. Privately, she resolved to see less of her.

"She isn't worth while," she decided. It was not entirely the snobbishness that Leila exhibited on occasions, that brought Bernice to the decision. There was the matter of the prize.

When it had been announced the last day of school that Bernice Wells' linoleum design—a cubist effect in black and gold—had won the prize over Leila's modernistic design in blue and white, nobody had been more surprised than Bernice. Her pleasure in winning the prize, however, was shadowed by Leila's openly expressed envy.

The competition had been open to students of the senior class of whom Leila and Bernice were easily the most talented. Everybody had expected Leila to win, for in addition to exceptional talent, she possessed the advantage of three months' study with a famous artist the previous summer.

The prize consisted of a year's tuition at the Art Institute in Chicago, but to Bernice going to Chicago seemed as impossible as going to another planet.

In the first place, there was the matter of helping her mother care for three small brothers and a baby sister. Aunt Nan would come to fill her place, Bernice knew, but Aunt Nan could not afford to do it without compensation, and, even if the compensation were managed, there remained the item of board, and clothes,

and financing herself for a year in Chicago.

Bernice sighed, going over in her mind the same old ground. Dad would help her if it were possible, she reminded herself loyally, but, considering the small salary of a small town minister, she marveled that it had been made to cover bare necessities.

"I just can't go to Chicago, and that's that!" Bernice said aloud, resolutely putting thoughts of Leila and the prize out of her mind as she started getting luncheon ready.

IT WAS two days after the incident of the call that Bernice again met the woman from Mary Williams' place, this time carrying a large basket filled with loam from a near-by canyon. Her basket resting on a curb, she was enjoying the shade of a pepper tree that spread heavy, pink blossomed branches over the sidewalk when Bernice came up.

"Let me help you with that basket," Bernice offered.

"Why, thank you. Aren't you one of the girls who called at Mrs. Williams' the other day?" the woman questioned as they started along carrying the basket between them; and she shot Bernice another keen eyed glance like the one Bernice noted the day of the call.

"Yes," Bernice smiled, "but I'm surprised that you recognized me."

"People always interest me," the woman replied.

THAT was the beginning of a friendship that developed rapidly. Every day Bernice, slipping through a gap in the hedge, spent hours with Mary Williams' queer servant, who fascinated her. Bernice thought the woman must have used to good advantage the privilege of living in the house with Mary Williams. At any rate, she possessed a fund of information concerning flowers and birds that Bernice enjoyed.

There were evenings spent in the patio when the khaki clad young man, who proved to be the woman's son, Stacy Hall, read aloud. The reading over, much laughter and gay talk followed. Later, Stacy would walk with Bernice as far as the gap in the hedge where they would say a lingering good-night in the soft, starlit darkness.

There were afternoons when Bernice

and Emma (as the woman asked to be called) were alone. Then it was that Bernice found herself discussing with this new friend personal problems with which she felt her mother shouldn't be troubled.

"How can you stand her?" Leila asked one day. She had picked up Bernice as she was saying good-by to Emma at the patio gate.

"Stand her!" Bernice flared. "I like her. She's the most interesting person I've met in a long time."

"Everybody to her taste!" Leila scoffed as she swung the roadster about. "For my part, I don't get any sense of uplift from association with the inferior mind of a servant; and as for that chauffeur gardener person I've seen you with—well, all I can say is that I'm surprised, Bernice."

"Emma's mind is not inferior, even if she is a servant, and her son is just as intelligent as any boy in our crowd," defended Bernice as she left the car.

THERE came an evening that Bernice and Emma spent together beside an arroyo up in the canyon. It was then that Bernice told about winning the prize and of how disappointing it was not to be able to use the tuition to which she was entitled.

Emma listened sympathetically, but the fact that she had no suggestion to offer was disappointing to Bernice. Emma was so resourceful that, unconsciously, Bernice had expected some help in the solution of her problem, and she felt discouraged and vaguely unhappy as they started back to town by the short cut across the railroad bridge. She hardly heard what Emma was saying about the beauty of the night and the moonlight until Emma gave her arm a little squeeze.

"You aren't listening, Bernice. I've

asked you twice about that light down the track. Couldn't be a train, could it?"

"Not at this time of night, Emma. The express went through an hour ago." She glanced carelessly down the track, then suddenly seemed to freeze in her steps.

"It is a train!" she gasped. "It—must—be—a special."

Alive to the danger—two women alone in the darkness, in the middle of a railroad bridge, sky overhead, water, fathoms deep, beneath—she gazed wildly about for help.

There was none.

The train was almost upon them. They felt the thunder of its approach shake the ties of the bridge beneath their feet.

"Let's lie down flat on the track. And pray, Bernice."

Emma spoke calmly, but Bernice could feel the hand on her arm tremble.

"Can you swim, Emma?" Bernice whispered hoarsely.

"No. Why?" unconsciously Emma whispered back.

"Then God help us. Take off your dress, and your shoes. There is a way and God *will* help us." Bernice was almost shouting now and tearing off her own dress; but Emma seemed paralyzed with fright by the roar of the oncoming train.

With a groan, Bernice seized her arm. "Jump!" she commanded.

With a shuddering thought of the rocks that the swift running water might conceal, she leaped, dragging Emma with her.

A second later the Eastern special thundered by.

A space of time that seemed to Bernice halfway between an eon and a second; a terrible sensation of darkness and falling. Then—the water. Half strangled, struggling to regain breath, she was con-

(Turn to page 24)



Sandsy's Rebellion

A Friend in Deed Is Not Always a Friend in Need

By Gardner Hunting

COPYRIGHT, 1929, BY GARDNER HUNTING

ANDERSON PHOTOS

Sandsy's rebellion began, outwardly at least, that memorable morning at Hazelhurst High when Professor Pryor directed a sarcastic harangue at Robert (Sandsy) Sands. Sandsy's pal, Larry, came to his defense. Smarting under the lash of Professor Pryor's words, the boys hastily prepare a defensive article and publish it in the school paper, the Hazelnut, of which Sandsy is editor.

Troubled as to the wisdom of their action, the boys pour out their story to Brook Carrington, an older friend, and he tells them of a Chinese coin, which he calls the "Look-see," and which he says will tell them the true answer to any question. It seems to work.

Dale Drayton and his friends persuade Sandsy to join them in playing a practical joke on Professor Pryor—a joke in which a Ford car is wrecked and the driver is injured. Dale and his friends make it clear that they do not intend to share the blame. Then Sandsy learns that the driver's injuries are slight, and he and Larry decide that they need not shoulder the blame publicly, but will make amends secretly for the trouble they have caused.

(This story began in the February issue of Youth.)

WELL, that did stir me. I knew I couldn't answer him without lying. At first I thought I'd just hang up, and he would never know who called. But that seemed the surest way to add to his suspicion. They'd be sure to start an investigation. As a matter of fact, they probably intended to, any way, judging by what he said. Then an idea came to me.

"Well," I said, "if I admit that you are right, won't you give us a chance to make up to the man whose car was smashed, by telling us who he is?"

I could hear Mr. Savage grunt, at the other end of the wire. And then he replied:

"Well, if that's what you want, since you're frank enough to say so, the man is David Cayson, who lives out Brighton way."

"Thank you," I said.

"Well, you're welcome enough," Mr. Savage answered, "but are you fellows trying to slide out of responsibility for that accident and let all the blame fall on one?"

"What do you mean—on one?" I asked, wondering.

But he didn't answer my question. "How many of you were there in it?" he asked instead.

"In what?" I asked, afraid to answer any more questions.

"I suppose you know we can guess about who you are," he answered.

I was very much surprised. What could have happened? But I didn't really believe he knew who I was, for his tone didn't sound like it.

"Who am I?" I asked him.

"You're a young man who is going to be mighty sorry he didn't come out and tell the truth about this affair," he answered me. And then he hung up the receiver.

Well, Larry was in the telephone booth with me, and he had heard my end of the conversation. So I told him what Mr. Savage had said. He laughed.

"Fine chance!" he said. "They think something happened, and they're trying to trap us. Here's where we just stop talking, see?"

We looked around us as we went out of the drugstore—it wasn't Pond's, of course—and nobody seemed to be watching us. So we went and had our lunch,

and then to the train to go to the city.

As I think back about it now, I don't see why I didn't suspect what was going on. But I didn't. Neither did Larry. And we met Mr. Carrington at the theater, where Will Rock was playing that afternoon, feeling that we would be pretty safe if we just kept our mouths shut, and that it was all right for us to keep still now. We were intending to do all we could to make right the damage we'd done, and we hadn't done anything irretrievable.

It was awfully interesting at the theater. It was sort of thrilling in the first place to see Will Rock's name burning in lights, right in daylight, up over the entrance, and to know that he was the famous star and that we were going to see him in his dressing room. Mr. Carrington met us and took us in to the box office, where they sell the tickets. And there a man named Perchon, who was Will Rock's manager, was very respectful to us. He took us inside without any tickets, and around through a side aisle and back behind the boxes, and through a door that opened right on to the stage.

It was such a big place and so queer that I was surprised. I'd never been behind the scenes of a real theater and it was all new to me. The first thing I saw was that the light was rather dim. I had supposed there would be a blaze of light. I didn't realize that it was only when the curtain went up that the light would go on, and that then it would only be those that would light up the show itself to the front of the house. The main stage was over to our right as we went in, and we were sort of shut away from it by a lot of scenery that stood tall above us, with its thin edges all toward us. In between these flats, as they call them, was an opening through which we could see a stage manager, or somebody, showing stage hands where to place the furniture for the first act. There was light out there. And they were just behind the curtain.

Three or four young men were near us, one in a chair and the others loafing



Will Rock

around. One was an actor in a red fez, a blue coat, and red trousers, all fitting him like gloves, and with high, shiny, patent leather boots. He was so sleek that he glistened all over, and he stood up so straight you'd think he was held up by steel springs. He was walking around and saying something over to himself as if it was his part. And his eyes were all darkened with make-up, till they looked almost as if he had a black eye on both sides, and he was so haughty and proud you'd think he was the Duke of Doodlum, at least! But the other fellows didn't pay any attention to him. They were telling stories and laughing; I thought they must be friends of somebody in the company.

More interesting than all this was a steel wire cage up on the wall above our heads. It was flat, just deep enough for a man to sit in with a chair, and the floor of it was as high as a man's head. A big electric switchboard was in it, with dozens of levers and jackknife switches, and wires, and fuses, everything shining bright copper. A man there was testing certain levers, which turned on lights above in the top of the stage, and along

the edges. It was interesting to think how elaborate were all the preparations for the beginning of a big show.

But Mr. Perchon didn't let us stay here long. He led us to a stairway that went down under the stage, and we followed him down to a corridor between unpainted board partitions, where the dressing rooms were. We stopped before one that had a big star painted on it, and Mr. Perchon knocked. I couldn't hear what he said when the door opened, but next minute he showed us in.

WELL, the dressing room of a great star on the stage is different from what I ever supposed it would be. At

least this one was, and they say they're a good deal alike. This was just a little wooden den of a place, maybe ten or twelve feet square, with thousands of clothes hung on hooks all around three sides, a wooden table and three or four chairs, like kitchen furniture, a radiator piled with papers and stuff, and an electric fan in front of a dark hole near the ceiling, that looked like the only ventilator. On the fourth side was a

long mirror that ran the whole length of the room, and under it was a board shelf about a foot wide, which was a make-up table, covered with tin boxes and bottles, and powder puffs and brushes and combs and tubes, and about a million things like that, rags all stained with colors, as if they'd been used to rub make-up off faces, and photographs and newspaper clippings, and cigarette stubs in ash trays and lying on the edge of the shelf with black marks under them, where they'd burned before they went out.

One of the first things I wondered when I saw all that was if Will Rock smoked cigarettes. I found out that he

didn't; but it seemed funny to see all those stubs around in the room of a man who was a great athlete. It was the fellows who came in to see him who smoked.

Well, there were two people in the room besides Mr. Perchon and us. One was a funny, stubby little chap in shirt sleeves and suspenders, with a tough looking cap on one side of his head, and smoking like a chimney. I found out afterwards that he was a "dresser," as they call them. As far as I could see, he did errands mostly, and handed out clothes. And you could see he was a kind of worshiper of Will Rock; he showed it all the time. Brook Carrington told me afterwards that he had been

about as tough as they make 'em, and that Will Rock was trying to keep him straight. It made me wonder why a fellow like that who thinks so much of the man he admires, doesn't just naturally try to be like what he admires. I don't get that.

Well, Will Rock dressed himself. He didn't need a dresser, that I could see! And Will Rock himself? I surely was surprised. A man who didn't look very big—and who wasn't so big as

Mr. Carrington, either—sat in a chair with his back to the mirror, dressed in nothing but a union suit and slippers. He had deep lines in his face, and quiet, sort of sad looking eyes. And he didn't seem at all like a great athlete or a great actor. He didn't stick out his chest and swell around and look haughty like the fellow in the fez upstairs. He just sat there balancing his chair back on two legs, easy and quiet and cool; and at first, I thought he didn't look very friendly. But when he saw Mr. Carrington, he jumped up and grabbed his hand, and his whole face lighted up in a smile that made me like him in a second.

"Brook Carrington!" he exclaimed, and

Dreams

By EDGAR DANIEL KRAMER

"WHAT are dreams?" you ask me.

"Pale mist of the moon,
Breath of flaming roses,
Songs the breezes croon."

"Why would you be dreaming?"

"Dreams have led me on
Through the night of shadows
To the joyous dawn."

"What good are your dreamings?"

"Though I am a clod,
Lo, my dreams have brought me
Face to face with God!"

shook Mr. Carrington's hand vigorously.

"Lo, Will," Mr. Carrington said, as if they were old friends. "I've brought Sandsy and his pal to see you, as you asked me to."

That seemed like a joke again, but Will Rock didn't seem to think so. He turned around to us, and he looked first at me, then at Larry. We took off our hats, of course, and Will Rock grinned at Larry.

"You're Larry!" he said. "Nobody could miss those 'cranberry eyes'!" Then he turned to me and added, "So you must be Sandsy."

"How do you know anything about us?" asked Larry.

"What? Why, I've read all about you, of course. My boy, Fred, has three or four books about you, and he's made me read 'em to him so many times I know 'em by heart."

"You're kidding us," I said. "Mr. Carrington told you."

"Think so?" Mr. Rock said. "Well, Brook has told me a few things, I'll admit. But I know all about Nora and the sugared doughnuts, and the four brushes it takes to make an advertising man, and how the collie dog, Spin, found Larry locked out on the skyscraper's roof, and how Shiner Best photographed the bad bear, and how the moving picture film burned up and you made another. Do you think Brook Carrington told me those things?"

While he was talking he shook hands with us, and his hands were so tough and hard inside that you could know he used them all the time for wonderful things. It's funny, but just touching Will Rock's hands gave me an idea of what long, patient, hard work it takes to be a star like him. I always used to think a man like him was somehow born to be a star; but I guess the way they work for it has a lot to do with it.

Well, of course it seemed very funny that he knew such a lot about us, and that his boy should be reading now the books about what Larry and I had done in other summers. But he convinced us by going on talking about our house at Hazelhurst and about my dad.

"I'd like to know your dad, Sandsy," he said to me. "He must be a good one.

I wish that my boy had as good a dad."

Well, he hit me close when he said that, for I think my dad is the best ever. And he is, too. But to have Will Rock say it! You'd think *he* must be a good dad.

"That's why I wanted my boy to know you and Larry," Mr. Rock went on. "I want him to be a good kid. And being around the theater is none too good for any kid, especially if his dad happens to be the star. Everybody in the world conspires to spoil my youngster, just because he's Fred Rock. And I don't know how to manage him. It's all right for Edgar Guest to write a verse, and say, 'He'll be a good boy if you'll be a good dad.' But I give you my word, I don't know how to be a good dad to my boy."

OF COURSE this was about the last thing I'd ever expected to hear when

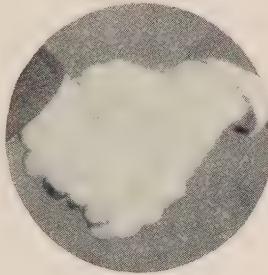
I went in there to see Will Rock. I hadn't known that he had a son at all. But as he looked at me and said, "I wish my boy had as good a dad," meaning as good a dad as mine, his eyes were so anxious that you'd think all the being famous and great, and making all the money he makes, and all that, amounted to nothing at all to him if his boy didn't go

straight. I know my father thinks a lot of me; but when Will Rock looked at me like that, I saw that there's a whole lot to being a father that I never got before. I know I sat there thinking that perhaps fathers feel about their sons the way I feel about my mother. I can't tell just how that is, no matter how much I think I'll tell the exact truth. And they do really care about what happens to us more than they care about what happens to themselves.

Well, Will Rock spoke to his dresser, calling him Tommy, and told him to get some more chairs. And Tommy did. Then he and Mr. Perchon went out and we sat talking to Will Rock, the man whose name was blazing in electric lights out on Broadway, and who sat here in his union suit and slippers and wasn't interested in anything so much as his boy! I tell you it gave me a queer feeling.

Pretty soon, though, Mr. Carrington

(Turn to page 28)



Freedom

In Doing Things That Are Worth While

By Clinton E. Bernard

A BREATH of spring slips in through my window and sets me to dreaming, when I am supposed to be writing an article about prison welfare work. . . . Soon the wild geese will be honking north. It would be great to be out in the country now. The roads would be muddy, of course, but one could go on horseback. It's queer that few people know how much fun there is in jumping onto a good saddle horse, whistling to the dog, and driving the cows out where they can feed on the lush green wheat. The dog knows the importance of such things. In his delight at being of service he will even leave his breakfast half eaten, to help his master in the great work of driving cows. If only I could love my work as much as he does. My job doesn't really amount to much—believe I'll quit it.

A tall young man comes into my office. One of my friends has sent him, in the belief that he can tell me something about the need of educational work in prisons. He is an ex-convict, but he appears to be a likable fellow.

"Miss R—— tells me," he says, "that you want to get some dope on prison life."

I explain that I want to learn, from some one who speaks with authority, whether study of Truth is of benefit to a man in prison.

"Well," he remarks, "it's kept me straight and out of prison for the last five years. I can't tell you much about the theory of the thing—you probably know more about that than I do—but you might get some new ideas from hearing about my own case. I'm not very keen about talking on that subject, but if it will help the fellows in prison, I'll do it. I'm sold on this thing you're trying to tell them. I know what it can do for them.

"NOW, about me. When I was a kid I lived in a good sized town. When I was pretty small I began selling papers on the streets. My folks needed

all the help they could get. Besides being poor, they were ignorant. I say that with all respect to them."

"You handle the English language better now than the average person does," I remark.

"I've read a lot," he explains. "When a fellow's in, you know, he has a lot of time for reading. Some of the boys don't know how to read. They just sit in their cells and think and think—about things they shouldn't be remembering.

"Well, by the time I was ten I was going around with some tough kids. I wasn't bad. I was really kind-hearted, but I knew a lot more about doing wrong than I did about doing right. I went to Sunday school sometimes. The main impression I got there was that if I did wrong I would go to hell and be burned. That didn't seem to help me live right.

"I remember the first time I ever was in jail. One day a blind beggar asked me to help him across the street. Of course I did. Just as I was going to leave him, a detective came up and arrested us both. The beggar was a fakir; he wasn't blind. I spent the night in jail. My father got me out the next day.

"That deal made the police watch me, of course. They needed to watch me. Some of the kids in my gang were picking pockets. One night I broke into a store and robbed the safe, which had been left open. The police got enough evidence to convict me.

"I was sent to the state industrial school. The name was wrong: The place was really a school of crime. The boys bragged about the jobs they had pulled, discussed the best methods, and planned new jobs. If any kid admitted that he intended to go straight, they thought he was queer.

"I ran away from that place, with two other kids. A policeman killed one of them a few years later.

"When I was thirty years old I had spent twelve years in penal institutions.

"While I was doing my last stretch, in

Leavenworth, I first heard of applied psychology. I simply ate it up. I believed that by using psychology right I could become the greatest confidence man in the world. After a while, though, I began to see that I was on the wrong track. I studied New Thought and Unity. I attended the Unity class in prison and became interested in trying to live right. Nobody wants to live in a bad way when he really understands a good way.

“I’D LIKE to see penal institutions turned into educational institutions, into schools that would teach criminals to be law-abiding citizens. Under the present system the law is used as an instrument of vengeance, not as a means of reformation. All the interest is in punishment, not in reformation. The only way to reform criminals is to convince them that they can benefit themselves by reforming. The bad man won’t try to be good until he is sure that he can better himself that way. Even if he tries to do better, he probably won’t do much at it unless he learns how. That is where the Unity teaching comes in. It shows a man a definite way of making himself happier by thinking right and doing right.

“Understand, I don’t advocate pampering prisoners. They’re not soft. They don’t want to be pampered. They want to be happy, just as everybody else does. If they find a better way of living, they grab it, just as everybody else does. But for God’s sake give them a chance to learn that way. I doubt if you folks who are teaching the boys who are in prison have any idea of the good you are doing.

“I’ve been out five years. Why haven’t

I gone back? Because I haven’t been interested in the things that would send me back. I’ve learned to think right.”

HE PAUSES; apparently he has finished his story.

“Have you found it hard to get jobs?” I inquire.

“No,” he replies; “I have a trade and I am a railroad man besides. I like the railroad work, but my prison record makes it hard for me to hold a job. I’m a good workman. I can hold a job until my past record bobs up.”

“That’s tough,” I comment.

“Yes,” he says cheerfully, “but I get along.” He has no word of bitterness for those who refuse to give him a chance to show that he has reformed.

“I like to travel, anyhow,” he goes on. “Spring is in the air. Did you notice it? The wild geese will be going north soon. I feel restless, like they do. It makes me want to go places. I think I’ll take a trip to South America, and I’d like to see Europe, too.”

“I know how you feel,” I confess. “I love to ramble. Sometimes I think I’ll leave this place and get a job that will let me see a lot of country. Then somebody comes along and tells me how much he has been helped by some of the work that I have had a part in doing. Then I have to keep on working. After all, it’s a good job.”

“A good job,” he echoes; “a good job. I’ll say it is. That teaching you’re helping to put out is the greatest thing that ever went to a man in prison.”

“I’ll remember,” I reply humbly. “Please give my regards to South America.”

Helping Others to Freedom

The Society of Silent-70, 917 Tracy, Kansas City, Mo., is the department of the Unity School which supplies Unity literature free to prisons and other institutions. The Society is in touch with hundreds of institutions where Unity literature is needed and welcomed, and will gladly place gift subscriptions where it is believed they will do the most good. This work is maintained by free will offerings.



"Good morning, friends."

"THIS is radio station WOQ broadcasting. The next number on this evening's program will be an overture played by the Unity band."

This announcement was made over the "mike" of WOQ not long ago by Rex Bettis, announcer and director of the station. Carl Frangkiser, diminutive and fiery director of the band, rapped for attention, and raised his baton in the air. The music started.

Everything was going smoothly when suddenly the lights went out. The sickening feeling that was experienced by every boy in the band is indescribable, but the boys "stuck to their instruments" while Frank (as he is known to every one) and Rex Bettis searched for the trouble. It was quickly located, and the lights flashed on. Not a note or a rest had been missed when the overture was finished, a triumph for the youthful

"This Is WOQ Behind the "Mike" of *Described by*

members of the band. Like good troupers they had remembered that the "show must go on."

Carl Frangkiser is one of the most popular members on WOQ's staff. He is director not only of the Unity band but of the Unity orchestra. A great deal of the music broadcast from the station is his own original compositions. Frank thinks his band boys are just about right. Every once in a while they get restless and put a light globe in the bass horn or a jelly sandwich in a French horn, but otherwise they are perfect. There are thirty-five of them ranging upward from the age of twelve.

The story of how the boys' band came into existence is interesting. About two years ago the Kansas City Chamber of Commerce evolved the idea of a pinto pony band. Rickert Fillmore, treasurer of the Unity School of Christianity and a member of the Kansas City Chamber of Commerce, offered Frank's services as director of the proposed boys' band. The offer was accepted. The next thing was to get the boys. Mr. Frangkiser visited the Kansas City high schools and secured the best players from each school band. The Chamber of Commerce sent out west and bought twenty-five beautiful pinto ponies. The boys were taught how to ride the ponies and were given complete cowboy outfits, from spurs to five gallon hats. The band was a "hit" from the start. One day a telegram was received from the late Tex Rickard asking if the pinto pony band could be brought to New York. A big benefit show was being given for a New York hospital and the band was wanted as a

"We Have With Us—"

PICTURES of several of the prominent Unity workers who speak regularly over station WOQ are presented in the center page feature which follows this article.

Broadcasting"

Unity's Radio Station

Judson Woods

star attraction at the benefit. Not long after the receipt of the telegram twenty-five boys said good-by to their fathers and mothers and boarded a train for New York. Up near the front of the train was a special car with the ponies in it. Boys, ponies, and Mr. Frangkiser arrived safely in New York. The ponies were unloaded and the boys rode them amid much excitement to the Mc-Alpin hotel. The boys were quartered there for twelve days on the nineteenth floor. They paraded Fifth avenue, rode their ponies into the hotel lobbies, posed for moving picture cameras, gave radio concerts, and won the hearts of the crowds at the show. The excitement did not destroy the boys' appetites. The bill for food at the hotel for twelve days amounted to \$6,000!

They came back to Kansas City with many interesting stories of the strange sights they had seen and exciting incidents that had happened. Not a one missed a meal or a performance. The band was disbanded shortly after that but the boys are still playing for Mr. Frangkiser over WOQ. They still get noisy at times while some one is broadcasting but when they get too cantankerous each one is given a copy of *Youth*, and their interest in it quiets them. They are real boys and earnest students.

It is interesting to know that the largest part of the staff of WOQ is composed of young people between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five. And how these young folks work to give their best not only to Unity but to the radio audience!

Every Thursday night at 6:30 *Youth* magazine presents a program. You will hear an announcement something like this: "This is station WOQ broadcasting. The next feature is the *Youth* magazine dinner hour program. Mr. Ernest C. Wilson, editor of *Youth*, will now take charge of the microphone." Then Mr. Wilson steps to the "mike" and says, "Good evening, friends——." He tells



Rex Bettis, manager of station WOQ.

you about *Youth* and what its purpose is and what the evening program is going to be. Usually the *Youth* Players have prepared for presentation a dramatized version of some story that has been published in this magazine. The *Youth* Players are selected from among the young folk that work at Unity headquarters. They are directed by Mr. Herbert Drake, until recently director of the Kansas City Theater.

The *Youth* Players have encountered many problems in preparing these stories for presentation over the radio. Many of these problems have to be worked out through experimentation. Radio is still so comparatively new that no authority on the subject of radio presentation can be found. A radio microphone is very tricky sometimes. Often what goes into the microphone sounds entirely different over a loud speaker. For instance the effect of handclapping was called for in one story that was being rehearsed. Every one clapped his hands at the appointed time. Mr. Drake, who had been listening to the rehearsal over a loud speaker, came running in and exclaimed: "Whoa, that won't do at all. It sounds like a revolution was going on. Every clap of the hands sounds like a shot."

It was finally discovered that if every



Some of the Youth players, broadcasting the weekly Youth dinner hour program.

one would slap his arms or legs very lightly with his palms the desired effect would be obtained.

Not long ago the story, "The Four Mistakes" was being rehearsed for broadcasting. Readers of *Youth* will remember that this was a snappy football story and that the climax was a big football game between two rival colleges. It was found in going over the script that the description of the game as it was written by the author was not suitable for broadcasting. Thrilling to read, the story was a "flop" for radio. The members racked their brains for a suitable way to "put over" the story of the game. Finally one of the players exclaimed, "Why not describe the game as if a radio announcer was broadcasting from the grand stand with the noise of the rival cheering sections and the playing of the band as a background!" The suggestion was adopted. If any of you were listening in the night that this episode of the story, "The Four Mistakes," was broadcast you heard "the sporting editor of the Asheville Star giving from the top of the grandstand a play-by-play description of the game between Asheville college and the Aggies." You heard the rival cheering sections giving their school yells and above these sounds the roaring of

the crowd as plays were made. Every now and then you heard the college bands playing snappy college music. The program turned out to be a "wow."

This same story called for a scuffle. A real scuffle did not sound like one. The astonishing discovery was made that a very realistic scuffle could be represented by crumpling up newspapers and by having the players slap each other on the back very lightly.

In dramatizing stories for the radio the actor is at a high pitch of excitement. On the night that the scuffle was being put on, the members taking part were putting their best into it, so much so that they began to take imaginary swings at each other whenever their lines suggested it. One of the player's lines was, "Take that, and *that*," and the boy he was talking to, was to groan as if hit. The first youth said his line and then unthinkingly swatted the other one on the jaw as he did so. The result was a real, honest-to-goodness groan. The jolt knocked his next line out of his mouth and the scuffle had to be continued till he found his place again.

The *Youth* players hope that some one will send in a good polo story or aviation story, to see if a horse or an airplane could be imitated successfully over radio.

One Sunday about seven years ago, July 16, 1922, to be exact, Mr. Francis J. Gable, editor of *Christian Business* gave his first talk over radio. Since that Sunday he has broadcasted regularly. He is perhaps the pioneer radio speaker in service in Kansas City and also one of the first ones in the history of radio broadcasting. WOQ was one of the first stations to be put in operation in the United States, and was the first installed in Kansas City. At present Mr. Gable has the "Afterglow" service which is put on the air every Sunday at 10 p. m., and the Poet's Work Shop which is broadcast every Thursday at 6:45 p. m. He has made many friends over the radio and many times has had the interesting experience of having strangers meet him and recognize him by the sound of his voice as they had heard him.

Persons who prefer to go to church on Sunday via radio can tune in on WOQ at 11 o'clock and hear the services of the Unity Society. Myrtle Fillmore leads the congregation in The Lord's Prayer, Lowell Fillmore has charge of the Responsive Service, and Charles Fillmore gives the regular Sunday morning address. He also gives a talk on Wednesday evening between 10:30 and 11:45.

No doubt the name of Ruthanna Schenck sounds familiar to you. She is the associate editor of *Weekly Unity* and author of the books, *Heal Thyself*, and *Be Ye Prospered*. Miss Schenck talks every Wednesday morning at 11 o'clock.

She has made it a point in her broadcasting to try to reach all classes and types of people with her message. The result is that she has received letters from people from all walks of life and from persons of all faiths.

Another popular radio speaker is George Carpenter, associate editor of *Unity*, who tells the world what is what in *Unity* magazine, and its purpose and goal. He is also one of the members of the *Youth Players*. Heavy parts are just made for him.

WOQ has not forgotten the little tots either. Every Thursday night at 6:15, Blanche Haseltine, *Wee Wisdom* Story Lady, reads a story from *Wee Wisdom* for the kiddies. She is a well known writer of children's stories.

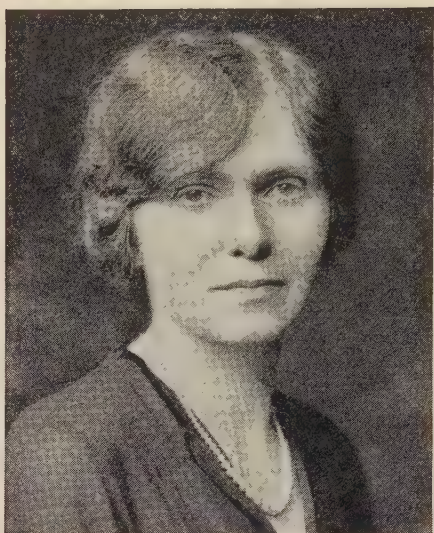
There is another side to radio work, the serious side. There is human interest, pathos, and friendliness as well as entertainment, in radio.

Two incidents in connection with the

(Turn to page 34)



Helen and Harry Day are heard daily in the "God's Half Hour" programs.



BLANCHE SAGE HASELTINE

Friends You Meet

Better Than

A Logical Development



CARL FRANGKISER



THOUSANDS of Unity students welcome to their homes each week friends whom possibly they have never seen, but whom they feel that they know quite well by reason of the voice and message that enters their home via radio. Thus Blanche Sage Haseltine, the *Wee Wisdom* Story Lady; Carl Frangkiser, musical director of WOQ; May Whitney, head of Silent Unity; Francis J. Gable, editor of *Christian Business*; Ruthanna Schenck, associate editor of *Weekly*



FRANK

Know by Voice by Sight

This Radio Age



RUTHANNA SCHENCK



GEORGE E. CARPENTER



Unity; and George E. Carpenter, associate editor of *Unity* magazine, are widely known by their voices, heard in the "God's Half Hour" daily prayer service, and in other regular programs of station WOQ.

In the following pages you will find more about *Unity*'s radio station and the many *Unity* workers who help to make its programs interesting and inspiring.

You Can Succeed

If Your Faith Is Big Enough—

And You Can Increase Your Faith!

Do plants have faith? Jesus ascribed faith to the mustard seed, and assured His followers that if they had faith as a mustard seed they could, by their words, remove mountains or uproot trees. "Nothing shall be impossible to you," He said. Perhaps we should be hard put to find a better word than faith by which to describe the quality in the mustard seed that makes of it a mustard plant. Fallows' Bible Encyclopedia describes the mustard seed referred to by Jesus as being smaller than the seed of black mustard, and the mustard plant as a large herb or moderate sized tree. Jesus spoke of it as a tree in whose branches the birds of the heaven could lodge.

It would be difficult to think of a better illustration for the power of faith than that of the mustard seed.

Imagine it, in its hard little shell, snugly tucked in the earth. Faith, or some other inward urge, moves it to break through the coziness of its protecting shell, and push out—and up—through the dark, moist earth. Something within the seed must know of a destiny bigger than its snug little limited world. Something within it must whisper of sunlight and warmth and wind and rain and a wide, wide world in which to grow, and a broad, high sky to try to reach. Something within the seed moves it to send out a tender green shoot into that dark surrounding earth; something guides the shoot upward toward light and freedom. Something causes trunk and leaves and branches to grow. Faith!

To believe that in so tiny a seed as a mustard seed there is the capacity to become a mustard plant is itself a test of faith. To human reasoning and under-

standing such a growth is impossible; it is impossible either to believe or to accomplish without faith.

The faith of the mustard seed is remarkable, not because, like the seed, it is small; but because that faith is faith to believe that a mustard seed can become a mustard plant!

It is such faith that the great Teacher commended to His followers; the faith to believe that they, the sons of men, were potentially the sons of God, and could become actual sons of God; the faith to believe that securely within them, deep down beneath their human frailties and weaknesses, was a divine strength and power; faith to follow the urge of that divine indwelling presence, to override seeming handicaps, and by pushing up through darkness into light, to find room for greater growth in a world of greater

possibilities and opportunities.

That larger world is at no distant place. It is here, at hand, attainable through faith.

Mustard seed faith is faith in no outward thing; it is a faith that the germinal factors of success are innate. What success, do you ask? The success of becoming that which fulfills its destiny. In the case of the mustard seed, that destiny is to be a mustard plant. In the case of us sons of men, that destiny is to be sons of God, full of grace, and power, and joy in the expression of what He has put it into our hearts to express. There is within us as in the mustard seed an urge to fulfill our destiny, to break through the shells of our little worlds, and push out and up into bigger ones.

Our faith grows by use.

If you have a little strength, it will

Miracles

By ANNA MURRY MOVIOUS

AMONG the common things
of life,

He lives in tender thought.

Wherever bread is broken,

His miracles are wrought.

“WHAT we are is God’s gift to us; what we become is our gift to God.”

Where we started is less important than how far we have come, and in what direction we are traveling.

When we speak of big men, we usually refer not to their physical size but to their achievements.

We do not judge a plant by the size of its seed, but by its capacity of growth and usefulness.

increase with use. If you have a little money, it will increase through use. If you have a little talent it will increase through use. If you have a little faith it will increase through use. Push your faith to its limit. Do not be content always to do the easiest thing that presents itself. Do not always do only what you have proved you can do. Attempt something which demands more of you than past undertakings have done. The fact that you have succeeded in little things will give you faith to do bigger things. Use that faith. Help it to grow.

You may not yet have the faith and the developed ability to take the last step which your inner vision reveals to you as an ideal; but you can take the step which is just before you. You may believe that you cannot greatly increase your present ability, but you surely believe that you can increase it a little. Put forth the added effort for the slight increase, and when you have done that, and have become accustomed to the new standard you have set for yourself, you will find that you can still improve—a little. It is little added to little that makes big improvements.

God gives us powers, energies, abilities. They are latent within us as the mustard plant, germinally, is latent within the seed. What we are potentially is God’s gift to us; what use we make of His gifts is our gift to Him. The way to increase His gifts is to use what we have. “Give, and it shall be given unto you.”

Do not wait until you can give the big thing. Start where you are, with what you have. Do not compare what you can give with what some one else can give. Compare your present ability and desire only with your past ability and desire. Faith, put into action, will take you a long way. Where you are on that way is not nearly so important as how far you have come, and in what direction you are headed.

Do not allow seemingly unfavorable conditions about you to keep you from trying to be more successful. The beginnings of success are within you. The world about you is their growing place, but the world within you is their starting place. In that inner world is where your first work must be done. You must reach into that inner world. You must reach past your fears and doubts about outward things. There is a Presence within you that insures your success. Turn to it, ask it to guide and direct you in expressing successfully. To start, you need have only faith enough to ask.

Your faith may be as small as a mustard seed; make it as steadfast, and you may fairly believe that you will accomplish as much. To do that is no mean accomplishment.

Do not let even the most mountainous difficulty stand in your way. Remember “If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place; and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible unto you.”



Thought Stretchers

The Open Mind

TO GAIN a true understanding of any principle or problem we must have . . . a willingness to accept truth when it is proved to us, and . . . we must have minds whose channels of thinking are not fossilized into grooves by traditions which mold and distort every fact according to preconceived conceptions. In other words, not only must we have minds that are plastic enough to grasp new ideas, but we must have the willingness to accept new truths when they are demonstrated to us.—*The Truth About Evolution and the Bible*; Curtiss.

My Crown

MY CROWN is in my heart, not on my head;
Not decked with diamonds and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen; my crown is called content.

—Shakespeare.

More Important Than Death

WHEN one is free what meaning has death? What I think and am is very much more important than whether I die before night, and far more interesting.—*L. Adams Beck; The House of Fulfilment*.

The New Vision

WAR is old—pathetically old, tragically futile, hopelessly antiquated. Peace, heroic and sacrificial, is the new vision which only young men can believe in.—*Ex-President Faure, of France*.

Rewards

FATE bestows its rewards on those who put themselves in the proper attitude to receive them.—*Calvin Coolidge*.

Filling Life

LIFE is not a goblet to be drained; it is a measure to be filled.—*A. T. Hadley*.

Glory

OUR greatest glory is not in never failing, but in rising every time we fall.—*Confucius*.

Omnipresence

GOD'S is the East and the West, and wheresoever ye turn there is the face of God.—*Mohammed*.

Time

WHEN a person gets into the habit of wasting time, he is sure to waste a great deal that does not belong to him.—*Youth's Companion*.

Loud Speakers

NOTHING speaks so loudly for Christ as bad lives made good, ugly dispositions made beautiful, anger and envy and bitterness made sweet.—*Echoes*.

Christianity Defined

CHRISTIANITY is the spirit and quality of life breathed into people from fellowship with Jesus.—*Harry Emerson Fosdick*.

Expressed Divinity

WHATEVER of divinity there is in the Bible is a divinity that has been expressed through humanity.—*Theodore Heysham; The Birth of the Bible*.

Salutation to the Dawn

YESTERDAY is but a dream,
And tomorrow is only a vision;
But today well lived
Makes every yesterday a dream of happiness,
And every tomorrow a vision of hope.
Look well therefore to this day!

—*From the Sanskrit*.

The God Close By

BELIEVING in a far distant God, most of us bray rather than pray. We forget that He is here as well as there; that He is everywhere or nowhere. William Hazlitt once said, "In Jacob's day there was a ladder between earth and heaven but now the heavens are farther off and are become astronomical." With some of us they have become theological. With your boy and mine there is not so much as a ladder because there is no need for one. The heavens are all about them. "Closer is He than breathing, nearer than hands or feet."—*Don D. Tullis*.

Grin Stretchers

This Day of Robots

John I. —, who was bit by an automobile Sunday, still was in a critical condition today.—*South Dakota paper.*

"Your Eyes Have Told Me So"

He—"I've never seen such dreamy eyes."

She—"You've never stayed so late before!"—*Judge.*

That Would Be Fare

"Should a husband keep anything from his wife?" asks a writer.

Enough for lunch and carfare, we should say.—*Boston Transcript.*

Good Provider

"Jimpson is very attentive to his wife, it appears."

"Yes; he always oils up the lawn-mower for her before he goes to the office."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Naturally

"I wonder why they say 'Amen' and not 'Awomen,' Bobby."

"Because they sings hymns and not hers, stupid."—*Boston Transcript.*

His Daily Deed

Grandmother—"Well, dear, have you done your good deed today?"

Boy Scout—"Yes—I've taught Cousin Lucy not to poke her tongue out at Boy Scouts!"—*London Passing Show.*

Woolly Worm?

"I feel a lethargy creeping over me."

"It may be an ant; the grass is full of them."—*Boston Transcript.*

Or Vacation

"I've been trying to think of a word for two weeks."

"What about fortnight?"—*Columbia Jester.*

Superlative

Marian—"Don't you think my new coat is a perfect fit?"

Margaret—"Fit? Why, it is a perfect convulsion."—*The Pathfinder.*

Good Start

Daughter—"The preacher just telephoned and said he was coming to call this afternoon."

Mother—"Gracious, we must make a good impression; give baby the hymn book to play with."—*Selected.*

Personal History!

During the history lesson the teacher asked a question of the most backward girl.

"What do you know of Margaret of Anjou?"

The backward pupil had not paid very much attention to the lesson.

"She was very fat," was the only thing she could think of.

This surprised the teacher, and she asked for the girl's authority.

"It's in the book," came the answer brightly.

"Among Henry's stoutest supporters was Margaret of Anjou."—*Answers, London.*

Completed the Job

Mistress—"Did you empty the water under the refrigerator?"

Green Girl—"Yes'm, and put in some fresh."

—*Boston Transcript.*

How About the Top?

Father—"I hear you are always at the bottom of the class. Can't you get another place?"

Son—"No, all the others are taken."—*Selected.*

Touching!

"Some say we have lost the art of letter writing."

"They never had any children in college."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

How About Engagements

"Frankness is the modern girl's long suit," says an exchange.

Apparently it's the only long suit she has.—*Boston Transcript.*

A Matter of "Pull"

(Concluded from page 7)

scious of swimming with one arm and of holding on to Emma's hair with her free hand. She had grasped Emma's hair as they fell, realizing the danger from clutching hands that would drag them both under if they reached her.

Then began a terrific battle. Either from fright or the fall, Emma had become unconscious. There were seconds when it seemed to Bernice that her straining lungs could stand no more, that she must let go her burden.

She floated, got a little breath, a little ease. Then strokes again with a free arm becoming rapidly more feeble. Could she hold out? A long, sobbing breath. Another effort. All her strength poured into it. Her arm seemed about to be torn from its socket. Her breath failed. Just then her feet touched bottom.

"OF COURSE you know you've saved my life, Bernice."

It was hours afterwards. Dried and warmed in Mary Williams' bungalow, Bernice's splendid vitality threw off the effects of stupendous effort. Dressed in Emma's clothes, she was preparing to slip back home through the gap in the hedge, leaving Emma rolled up in a blanket and comfortable in bed, with Stacy sitting beside her.

"Not to alarm Mother," she pleaded when Emma protested and Stacy would have called a taxi.

"I shan't forget this, dear," Emma whispered over a warm handclasp as they said good-by.

"I shall walk as far as the hedge with you," Stacy insisted when Bernice would have had him remain with his mother.

"You saved my mother's life, Bernice." Stacy choked over the words as they stood for a moment by the hedge. "I can't thank you and I shan't try, but there's much I've been wanting to say to you." In the moonlit darkness his hand sought and found hers. "Some day will you listen to me, Bernice?" His hand tightened over hers. The moonlight, filtering through a giant eucalyptus above, shone upon his strong, earnest face.

For a second Bernice's hand fluttered

in his, then, "I think so," she whispered and, even with the whisper, freed her hand from his clasp and fled through the gap in the hedge.

Stacy gazed for a long minute at the spot where she had stood.

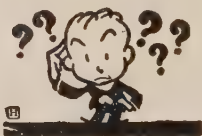
Bernice slept late the next morning. She had decided to say nothing about the previous night's adventure. Mother must not be troubled by knowledge of her narrow escape, and if Father knew, Mother would be sure to find out, for Father couldn't keep anything from Mother. As soon as breakfast was over, she crept through the gap in the hedge, to warn Emma not to mention anything to anybody about the matter.

She found Emma a trifle pale, and rather stiff in the joints, but otherwise none the worse for her experience. She did not see Stacy at all. Her parents were leaving that day for a visit with relatives and she had to hurry back home.

They took the baby with them, but Bernice was kept so busy looking after the three little boys, getting meals and caring for the house, that four days passed before she had time to slip through the gap in the hedge again. She thought it a little strange that she had heard nothing from either Emma or Stacy, and decided to telephone before making her accustomed visit. As she was about to carry out her intention, she was called to the door by a neighbor's boy who stood holding out a square, white envelope.

"From the woman at the Mary Williams place," he said.

Which Shall I Say?



"I haven't any money,"

OR—

"I can earn all I need."

Bernice tore open the envelope, wondering as she did so why Emma was writing to her.

"When this reaches you," the note read, "Stacy and I will be on our way East. This is sudden, and I'm sorry not to say good-by, but you'll understand when I tell you it's a matter of business that recalls us.

"We're leaving in great haste, but you'll hear from us again, Bernice."

That sentence was heavily underscored; and there was more, but one fact only registered in Bernice's consciousness. Her friends had gone. At first that was all she thought of. Then, gradually, she began to remember other things, and a wave of black depression swept over her in remembering. Her friends had not said good-by to her; there would be no one living in the stucco bungalow; there would be no work for Bernice, either, at the Art Institute in the fall. There would be nothing but an endless round of household duties, perhaps forever. Her mind took fright at the thought. "You silly goose! Stop being morbid," she said to herself as she tackled the breakfast dishes.

WEEKS passed, and Bernice had almost ceased to look for letters which at first she had eagerly expected. She had grown a little pale and tense with the weeks, and when she thought of the people who had occupied the Mary Williams bungalow—particularly Stacy—it was with eyes that grew cold and lips that tightened.

Whipping up her pride one morning in late August, she decided to put thoughts of Emma and Stacy out of her mind, since evidently they had not meant the things they had said to her.

That very morning, however, two letters came to her. The one addressed in a firm hand that she recognized as Emma's, she opened first. The letter ran:

Stacy and I haven't forgotten, Bernice, and we've been active in your behalf, as you'll understand when I tell you that you'll shortly receive the Carnegie medal and a thousand dollars from the Carnegie hero fund for saving a life.

The money will reach you too late to take care of your expenses in coming to Chicago and establishing yourself as a student at the Art Institute, so I'm advancing two

hundred dollars by check inclosed. This will finance your trip.

I know from what you told me that your aunt will be glad to help your mother with the children; so there remains only the need of a place for you to live here in Chicago. I hope you'll accept the invitation I now extend you, to stay with me. I saw enough of you during my sojourn in Valyara to realize that you're the kind of girl I'd enjoy as a companion. Stacy and I are anticipating a winter in which we shall pleasantly continue the friendship begun this summer.

I might add, Bernice, that courtesy, unselfishness, and a cheerful disposition make a pretty good kind of pull for any girl.

Lovingly yours,
Mary Emma Williams Hall.

"**E**MMMA!" Bernice's mind leaped to the significance of the middle name. That woman who had occupied the Mary Williams bungalow must have been Mary Williams herself! Excitedly, she turned to the second letter, which was from Stacy. Bernice read it through twice, lingeringly, happily. Then she raced to share her news. Father was out, she remembered, but Mother could be told at once.

To her mother she related the whole story of the adventure on the railroad bridge, of the medal and the money, of the opportunity to live with Mary Williams and attend classes at the Art Institute; and, last of all, what Emma (Bernice couldn't get used to calling her Mrs. Williams) had said about pull.

After Mother had been told and had enthused over the letter, there were neighbors and friends to tell and—Leila!

"Some people have all the luck! Who'd have dreamed that that commonplace old woman was Mary Williams!" Leila sighed. Then, remembering the curt, condescending manner in which she had treated that "commonplace old woman," she burst into tears.

"I've lost my pull!" she wailed. "And it's my own fault."

"Another time——" Bernice hesitated, seeking words of comfort.

"Oh, I've had my lesson." Leila wiped her eyes. "This is a blow to me, Bernice," she said. "I was expecting much from Mary Williams, and now she probably doesn't even like me."

Then, out of a pause in which Bernice could think of nothing to say, "But I'm glad you're going to get your chance."

And Leila smiled through her tears.

(The End)

The Tenth Man

When Jesus healed the ten lepers, only one returned to give thanks. If Truth has helped you, you may become a tenth man of today by sharing your experience with other young people through this department. We shall not use your name without your permission.

HELP in overcoming the smoking habit and help in school work are the testimonies of the Tenth Men whose stories are shared with us this month. Truth is helping *Youth* readers in many ways; and the greatest help is gained by those who are most persistent in the daily application of the ideas presented in these pages each month. The regular, daily practice of right thinking is what counts most. You will find help and inspiration in the experience of W. M. and B. S., and in the healing and prosperity thoughts which thousands of Unity students throughout the world will be holding with you this month.

A young man from Tennessee writes us as follows: "*Youth* has been a great help to me in the past two years. I told my cousin that I was a heavy smoker of cigarettes. She sent me *Youth* and said if I would study it that I could quit smoking. On Thanksgiving day, 1927, I quit smoking cigarettes and quit many other things that I had been doing. I know *Youth* has been a great help to me and feel that it should be in more homes.—W. M."

This letter will strike a responsive chord in the minds of many *Youth* readers: "Dear Unity: I am a student in school. I have always been subject to attacks of fear-hysteria when we were to have examinations and these attacks would completely undermine the quality and grade of my work. One morning I entered the classroom to find all my

classmates 'boning' for a test that I did not know had been scheduled for that hour. I had done my daily work thoroughly but had done no concentrated conscious 'cramming' for a test. My first reaction was an ague of terror and a pessimistic forecast of the results. Then I thought of The Prayer of Faith which I had read several weeks before. While not clearly knowing how it would apply in a school situation I relaxed in my seat, shut my eyes and ears to the fretting of my fellow students, and slowly, silently repeated the prayer.

"Soon I felt an unexplained freedom and a sensation as though some one had placed a reassuring hand upon me. I worked confidently and fearlessly on the test and made a grade of 90.

"My second experience in the use of The Prayer of Faith was a repetition of the preceding one save that I had three two-hour 'exams' covering the work of six months. Before each 'exam' I gave up to the reassuring influence of the line from The Prayer of Faith, 'God is my all, I know no fear,' and each time I felt a delightful breaking of intangible fetters. Each time I pulled through or rather God pulled me through.—B. S."

To start the day with The Prayer of Faith or with such statements as those given in the healing and prosperity thoughts given at the bottom of this page is a decided help in school work and other problems, as thousands of Truth students have discovered.

Healing and Prosperity Thoughts

June 20 to July 19

I am bubbling over with the joy of the Christ mind, and every nerve, muscle, and cell tingles with the spirit of health.

I rejoice in the consciousness that God through Christ has given me access to inexhaustible spiritual substance, now manifest in prosperity.

Graduation

The Artist's Interpretation of the Cover Design

By Gene Thornton

JUNE brings many things, and to those who are members of the graduating classes of our schools the country over, the diploma is of outstanding significance. A certificate of attainment, an official declaration that Virginia Moore, Jimmy Neal, Mickey McFarland, Bobette Dale, and many hundreds of other boys and girls have successfully completed the first essential steps toward a career. Little wonder that their faces present such a marked contrast to their customary care free, vivacious expressions as they regard those rolls of parchment that have just been presented to them. What will come next? Whatever it is it will be interesting, certainly! But for the first time comes the realization that the friends and associates of a young lifetime must necessarily be separated, and there is much to think about. At such a time these thoughts result in some rather unfamiliar emotions.

Of course, Virginia will go on to college and major in music, and probably later spend a year or so abroad in advanced study and travel. As Bobette expressed it, "It does seem that some people get all the breaks." But a study of Virginia's face would indicate that she seems to realize that the task of making the most of such an opportunity is by no means a small one. She already has a reputation to sustain, and a mother and father who, along with a great host of friends, must not be disappointed.

Jimmy Neal is in a quandary. He can go to college as long as necessary to get whatever work he wants, but what will that work be? His is a problem that grows constantly more confusing. He could wait a year or so to make up his mind, but there's little consolation in that when the feeling persists that the end of two years would probably find him in virtually the same state of mind as at present. If necessity were to force immediate action he would likely be happier and far better off.

We can't see Bobette's face, but something tells us that she too is impressed with the seriousness of the occasion. It is rather doubtful if she would choose to go further with her schooling even if her parents were in a position to offer it. She must be keenly alert in the future if she is to make her mark for she has taken her opportunities rather lightly so far. Her natural brightness has perhaps been more of a drawback than an advantage in allowing her to "get by" with a minimum effort. If Bobette really does decide to "go on the stage," or seriously takes an interest in any other pursuit, she will no doubt gain a sense of values which will go far in helping her make up for these school years that have passed so lightly.

Mickey McFarland is feeling rather upset. He can't help thinking how well he could utilize the unlimited financial support that is Jimmy's for the asking. Mickey is possibly the only one in the whole class who since his freshman days has had a definite program of schooling in mind. He has already accomplished something in engineering study through a correspondence course, for which he laboriously saved. He had hoped that in some way he might be able to go to the university and get a degree, but now with the time at hand it seems impossible. Mickey has had his dreams of the future too long to give them up without a struggle, however. There is real encouragement in his determined look, and necessity has already developed a surprising amount of resourcefulness for one of his years. His face will soon be all smiles again and he will be the same old Mickey of whom the whole school is so fond. Many times his happy disposition has been a source of wonder to his friends when it seemed that he hardly had anything to be so happy about; but Mickey has unwavering faith that there is a just reward awaiting the one who performs his task to the best of his ability, and he

(Turn to page 34)

Sandsy's Rebellion

(Continued from page 11)

asked him about the show, and Will Rock began to tell how it was going, how people seemed to like it, and all.

Then he turned around with his back to us and began to make up. First he took a lot of cold cream out of a jar with



Fred Rock

his fingers, and rubbed it all over his face. Then he took a big stick of grease paint, pinkish yellow, and made heavy marks with it, like chalk marks, on his cheeks and his forehead. Then he rubbed that in with his fingers till it was even all over, and his face began to look like a doll's. Then he put some red on his cheekbones and his chin, and rubbed that till it blended in with the rest. And he penciled his lips scarlet. After that he took a small dark grease pencil and made lines around his eyes, and along the edges of the lids. And then he took something like a toothbrush, that was loaded with black stuff, and held it in a candle flame till the black stuff melted and dripped. And he loaded his eyelashes with the black, and then dabbed a spot on each lid, right over the pupil, so that when he opened and shut his eyes fast he seemed to be looking at you all the time, part of the time through his lids!

I suppose a lot of time went by while we were talking, but all at once a boy opened the door and said something I couldn't understand. And Will Rock got up and took a silk bath robe and beckoned to us, and we all followed him up the stairs. And when we got up to the stage, the whole place was different.

It was very quiet all around us and everybody was moving silently; outside we could hear the orchestra playing. And a big, alert looking man, who was very cool, gave Mr. Rock a signal, and then said something to the man in the switchboard cage. And all at once, you could see that the whole front of the stage was flaring with light, and I could see the back of the curtain, which was rising, and the curved line of the footlights flashed in, all colors, red and blue and yellow and white. And I knew the audience was right out there beyond that line, and that the show had begun.

WILL Rock beckoned to the big man, who, we found out afterwards, was the stage manager. And he turned Larry and me over to this man. Mr. Carrington went around by himself. Well, one of the most wonderful parts of the show to me was the stage manager.

He had to look out for everything and tell everybody when to be ready for their parts, and then when to do them. He ordered the curtain up and down and told the man in the cage when to turn up the lights, and what colors, and where, and he told the scene shifters what to do and just when to do it. And everything had to come at exactly the right instant, to schedule, so that the whole show was like a machine, running quietly and smoothly, with him at the wheel.

It all depended on that one man, who never failed to remember what came next, nor missed a single cue. A cue, you probably know, is a few words at the end of an actor's speech that tells another actor when it's time for him to begin. And there are all kinds of cues, music cues, light cues, and entrance cues, and all that. It's so complicated, I don't see how one man could remember it all. But that stage manager did. And all the time, he was shifting Larry and me around.

"Now stand here, boys," he would say, and set us behind a flat, where there was nothing but just a thin piece of scenery between us and the audience, and where we could see the whole stage perfectly. Then he'd come, at exactly the right minute, and say, "Now, over here, lads," and we'd step to a corner where we'd look right out into the faces of the people in the first rows of seats, but where it was so dark they couldn't see us over the footlights. And we'd look back and see that, while we were moving, the flat beside which we had been standing had been whisked away.

Chapter VII

WELL, I don't remember all that happened in the show. It wouldn't be interesting, even if I could tell it. But it was interesting to see. Of course, a show is only meant to be interesting to see. First, there were some marionettes—little doll-like people, you know, operated by strings from above, playing a scene on a toy stage set in the midst of the big stage. I stood beside Will Rock while he spoke the lines one of the marionettes was supposed to say. He spoke them into the side of the small stage where the little dummies were performing; and I could look up and see two men and two girls, away up above, with wooden crosses in their hands, to the

points of which were attached the strings that pulled the marionettes' arms and legs and heads. And those people said lines, too, as part of the marionettes' dialogue. But all the audience could see were the little figures on the tiny stage that apparently moved themselves and spoke the lines.

Then there was a chorus, and it's a lot different to see from "the wings," as they call the sides of the stage, than it is from the house. About fifty girls, all in cloudy white, fluffy stuff, came running down the iron stairs from their dressing rooms up above; and when the cue came and the stage manager signaled, they swept by us like the wind, and out into the light on the stage, beginning to dance and sing as they went. It was mighty pretty, but the thing I kept thinking of was how strong and sure they were, and how determined not to let anything stop them or interfere with doing their parts perfectly. And how they went on and off, whirling and singing, always perfectly, and yet carrying on little conversations on the side, when they were off. And all their faces were red and white with grease paint, and their eyes dark with the mascara, as they call it, that they put on their lashes. And they looked very pretty, but somehow didn't seem exactly real. And they were so intent—I guess that's the word—so absorbed in the perfection of the dance. It must go right! Absolutely, it *should* go right—no matter what else might happen!

With the girls of the chorus then, there were a lot of men—and then I saw the part that haughty chap with the red fez played. He was just an officer of some sort of comedy soldiers, and they were all as haughty as he was. And they danced in behind the girls, and sang, and did their stunts, and came off. And the audience would roar with laughter, and applaud, but these people would come off stage and never smile, or think of anything but the next thing they had to do. Only their eyes all burned bright, as if they were afire.

It was exciting to me. The air was all full of warmth and a kind of fizzy brightness. You could almost see sparks fly. And the music seemed to dance inside you, and a strong current was flowing all around you, full of sweet perfumes, that seemed almost enough to sweep you away and make you swing on and off

the stage with them all. It seemed once to me as if all the world was playing and singing and dancing, and trying to drag us in. It was like a dream, and Larry and I just stood there, dark and still, while the bright stream flashed by us, to and fro. And I was sort of dizzy with it all, the lights and the colors, and the swirl of the music, and the sharp scents of things that seemed somehow electric! Oh, it was great!

But all at once, out there in the middle of the stage, Will Rock was dancing. And his dance was so wonderful that you could hardly believe it. He was like a clown, with his chalky face, spotted brilliant red, and the baggy white clothes he had on now, with big red and green rosettes on them. And his feet just didn't seem to belong to him, because they were never under him. He was always on the sides of them, or on the tops of them, or up on his hands, or in the air. He slid on the stage as if he was on ice, and when he'd take a step in one place, he'd finish it two or three yards away. And when he'd start to put one foot down, he'd finish on the other. And he'd bend at the knees and the waist, and whirl on his toes till you'd think only the air supported him. And then, all at once, he just ran off the stage—and the audience simply screamed!

I can't begin to tell you the corking things he did that night. He jumped a rope on the back of a running horse, and he walked a wire on his hands, the way some men walk it on their feet. And he danced with a girl who just put her feet on his feet and was carried around with him that way wherever he went. And he gave an exhibition with the lariat, or

lasso, as it's sometimes called, in which he threw the noose along the stage, all the way across, and whipped it up around another man's feet, catching him, without even looking around to see what he was doing. And all the time he was saying funny things that made the audience yell with laughter. I don't wonder he's famous; they were crazy about him.

There didn't seem to be anything he couldn't do. He danced on roller skates. He rolled hoops and made them go away and come back to him when he told them to. And he threw boomerangs all around the theater, over the heads of the people, and brought them back into his hands. Some of them went away up over the balcony, and back. They acted like birds, just flying in circles, whenever he opened his hands, and coming back, to light just as he closed his hands again.

The most wonderful of all was a bicycle stunt he did almost at the end; and if I hadn't seen it, I wouldn't believe anybody could do it. He was carrying on a make-believe chase, in which a man, dressed as a Zulu, was following him trying to spear him. And Will Rock grabbed up a bicycle and went whirling around the stage, turning corners on one wheel, and coming back—oh, all sorts of stunts; when suddenly, as he was at one end of the stage, the Zulu pulled a big table out across the middle where Rock would have to ride, and then ran around and chased him toward it. And Rock rode with all his might across one side of the stage, then turned and headed for the table. You couldn't imagine what was going to happen. When he reached the table he was going full speed, and he never swerved or hesitated but just rode bang into it. The table was very heavy, and the edge of its top caught the bike just below the handlebars and above the wheel. You'd think it would stop still, crash! It didn't, however. Will Rock just put his head down over the handlebars, threw himself forward, and turned a somersault over the table, carrying the bike with him, and rode off on the other side without missing the stroke of a pedal!

The crowd went wild. You'd think they'd never let him alone. They called him and called him back. And he kept going on and off the stage, and the stage manager kept signalling the curtain up and down, and up and down, till you'd

Next Month

SKINNY was so stout that he felt uncomfortable and awkward. Jim (Remember "Jim's Treasure Map"?) came to his rescue. You will read all about it in "Skinny Shining Through."

“WHAT Do You Really Believe?” is a discussion of five perplexing questions asked by a *Youth* reader; questions you have always wanted to ask—but probably didn't! Here they are, with the answers.

think the friction would set something on fire. Finally Will made a speech; and what do you think he said? He said that he'd spent all his life trying to make fun; and judging by the way the world laughed at him, he must look funny to them. He said that the easiest thing in the world was to be a funny man. All you had to do was to make a practice of kidding everything. Why, every man was naturally a funny man, for every man spent a good share of his time kidding somebody. If he could, he kidded his wife; when he found he couldn't, he kidded himself. And if there was anything funnier than a man who thought he could kid his wife, it was the man who really kidded himself. He was getting to be quite a success at it, till a friend of his, recently, gave him a little Chinese coin called the "Look-see," which always told a man when he was kidding himself. And now he was ruined; for no man could go on kidding himself after he knew he was kidding himself. Yet no man could be happy living with himself, unless he kidded himself; and no comedian could hope to kid other people unless he could first kid himself. The only thing left for him to do now was to stop trying to kid himself and be the thing he had always kidded himself he was. And the prospect was terrible. Think of having to be the thing you've always kidded yourself you are! Think of having to be the lad you've kidded your wife you are! Or the wise guy you've kidded your kid you are!"

The reason why I can write this all down now is partly because I couldn't help remembering it and partly because I have a clipping from the New York papers that printed Will Rock's curtain speech next day. The thing I remember best was that something in his voice made me know that he was not just making fun; and everybody else seemed to know it too, for the whole audience grew so still you could feel the stillness. I don't know what it was, but you felt all at once that this famous clown out there in the blazing lights, with his baggy white trousers and his painted eyelids, who had been doing crazy stunts and making everybody laugh, cared a lot about something else. I knew what it was, too because of what I'd heard him say in his dressing room.

Well, in another minute he was making

fun again—and funnier than ever. Larry and I laughed so hard at him that the stage manager came around and put his finger on his lips, warning us that the audience would hear. This is what Will Rock did: he pulled out an old wooden chair, like a kitchen chair, and sat down in it as if he were just getting interested and settling down to a regular talk with the audience. He started to tick off his points with a finger on the palm of his hand, when all at once he noticed that the chair didn't stand evenly on all four legs. It wobbled. He stopped short, with a funny look on his face. Then he got up and walked around the chair and tried it with his hand, showing that the legs weren't the same length; one of them was too long. He studied it a second, then he turned and made a funny little shrill whistle with his lips and jerked his head at a stage hand that I hadn't noticed before, but who was standing right beside us. And the stage hand went out to him on the stage, carrying a saw.

Will Rock took the saw and turned up the chair on its side. In about three or four strokes he cut an inch or so off the leg that was too long. Everybody watched and it grew so still again that the saw made the only noise. Rock was as sober as if what he was doing was the only thing in the world that mattered at all, and he had forgotten everything he had started to say and everybody he had started to say it to. Then he set the chair on its legs again, and sat down once more. He put up his hands and started again as if everything was all right now and he would go on with what he wanted to say. But suddenly the chair wobbled under him again, and you could see he had cut too much off the leg he had sawed.

He stopped short again and cocked his head on one side. Then he tried the chair again to make sure he wasn't mistaken. It wobbled for sure, and his face went sort of blank and disappointed. The audience laughed. He got up again, though, sober as a church, and picked up the saw. Next minute he decided another leg was too long now, so he cut that one off an inch. Then he grinned, all satisfied that it must be all right now—and sat down again. But no sooner did he start his gestures for his talk again than he found that the chair still wob-

bled. He'd cut too much off the second leg. The way he looked then, so sort of puzzled, made the audience laugh again. But up he got, turned over the chair, and cut off still another leg.

Of course, the same thing happened again. He cut the third leg too short and the chair was just as bad as ever. When the audience saw that, they yelled. But up got Will Rock again, looking so serious about it, as if he were right down mystified. And off comes another inch off another leg of the chair. When he sat down again and again the chair rocked under him, the house began to howl with laughter. Will Rock looked at them and seemed sort of scared, as if it were beyond him, and he was in an awful fix. He made it look as if it hadn't been planned to be funny at all, and as if the whole world were going wrong with him; but he got up and cut off another piece off another leg of the chair.

I never saw anybody laugh so hard as that crowd did out there in front. One woman I could see in the box opposite us was just rocking in her seat and covering her face with her handkerchief, and then waving her hands at Will Rock to stop him because she couldn't stand it. The man beside her was throwing back his head and shouting, so you almost thought something was going wrong with him. I was laughing too so that I could hardly see. That dumb clown, with his face so serious and his eyes bulging out, struggling with that chair, each time cutting off a new leg, and each time too much, while all the time absolutely unable to make out what was the matter—he was too funny to be true!

Even the men in the orchestra, who don't usually laugh much at things on the stage because they get used to them, were shaking their sides and wiping their eyes. I thought maybe this must be a new trick Will Rock had, because it seemed so funny to them. The whole theater was one big noise. I never heard anything like it. I don't believe anybody ever laughed any harder.

Then, all at once, Will Rock stopped and stared at the chair, as if he'd just found out that it was bewitched. Maybe as if it were alive, and putting over something on him. Then, very, very carefully, he backed away, as if he were hoping it would not notice that he was up to anything. He laid down his saw,

watching the chair to make sure it was not getting wise to him, and he snapped his fingers behind him to the stage hand in the wings. The stage hand tiptoed out, carrying him a brace and bit; and Will Rock bored a hole in the stage, and then set into it the leg of the chair that was too long! And the curtain went down on a roar from the house that would make you think the Giants had won the pennant, or something of the kind.

I don't know whether I've told this so you get much idea of that show. Of course it was all so new to me, seeing it from behind, that it made a great impression on me; but I should think people would be crazy about Will Rock, as they are. He does so many things, wonderful, and funny! Still, after the show was over, the thing I remembered most often was the sound of his voice when he said, "Think of having to be the wise guy you've kidded your kid you are."

MAYBE it was partly because, after the show, we saw his kid—his son, Fred. After the curtain went down on the last chorus and the last bow, and the girls had gone flocking up the iron stairways, looking now like a lot of birds of paradise in flaming colors, and the last haughty guardsman in skin-tight red pants had disappeared, we went out on the big empty stage. Larry and I and Mr. Carrington and Will Rock, with his clown suit still on, but with his wig dangling in his hand, all stood together behind the great gray back of the curtain, while the orchestra outside played the last of the audience outdoors. Will Rock grinned at Brook Carrington, joking about the Look-see, etc.; and then Fred Rock came in.

He was a slim young fellow, with hair as black and shiny as Dale Drayton's. He was dressed in a blue coat, white trousers, and white shoes, and he looked like a model for a tailor, he was so slick. He had gray eyes, that were very cool and looked you over sort of insolently. When his dad told him who we were—"Sandsy and his pal," he called us—I saw his eyes suddenly change as if he didn't want to show us that he cared who we were or that he'd ever been interested in us or anything. And I wondered if he ever really had cared to read about the things that had happened to us, be-

cause he was such a wise kid, and hard, and cynical, I could see.

It was a white, sort of pasty look, that Fred Rock had, and his mouth drew down at the corners when he grinned. It was a sort of wise smirk, that grin, as if he intended you to think that nobody put over much of anything on him, that he was hep to all the bunk and all the swank that there was going. It was more than that. It was as if he were sort of sneering at everything. And I knew just how he felt. He was trying to cover up the real things that were in his mind. I've seen fellows like that before. They're afraid you'll think they're soft or not wise to much, or something; so they pull down their mouths and try to look as if they were hard-boiled and wouldn't fall for anything.

I didn't like him. Neither did Larry; he told me so afterwards, but I knew then. I had a queer feeling toward him. I hated to have him know that his dad wanted him to know Larry and me for the reasons Will Rock had given. Nobody wants to be held up as a model, and that was how Fred's dad seemed to be holding us up. The way he took his introduction to us showed how Fred Rock felt toward us.

His father called us "Sandsy and his pal."

"Who?" Fred Rock said, sort of squinting at us, as if we were trying to get introduced to him because he was Fred Rock. You'd think he'd never heard of us before.

"The fellows you've been reading about," his father said. "Sandsy and Larry. You know."

"Oh," Fred answered, his eyes sort of scowling at us, as he looked us over, coldly. He didn't come up and shake hands, or say he was glad to know us, or anything. "Oh!" he said; that was all.

I didn't have any use for him, and I hoped we'd never see much of him. He wasn't like his father, I was sure; and we didn't see much of him then, because Mr. Carrington was ready to go. So Will Rock just said he was going to get Brook Carrington to bring Fred out to Hazelhurst sometime soon. Then he

made some joke or other, and we all said good-by and separated. And out in the daylight, outside the theater, I was surprised to find that it wasn't night, because we'd forgotten everything but what was going on on the stage, and there had been only electric light there. My eyes felt the way they feel when I've been reading a long time, and suddenly come back out of it and feel as if I couldn't quite get used to reality right away.

I don't know quite all that we talked about on the way to the station. Mr. Carrington said he hoped we'd see more of Will Rock, and of Fred; and he grinned when I asked him if he was the friend who had given Will Rock the 'Look-see.' Then he left us at the Long Island station and we got a train and went out home.

I remember well enough, however, what happened when we got home. Jack Corning, a fellow who is an old friend of ours and goes to High, met us on the street.

"Say, Sandsy," he said to me, "do you fellows know anything about what happened up at Pryor's house last night? About some guys putting a rope across the street, and a flivver hitting it and pretty nearly killing a man?"

Well, he might just as well have knocked the breath out of me with a punch under the ribs. I didn't know what to answer for a second; but Larry answered him.

"We heard of it," he said. "What about it? Is the man dead?"

I guess if your heart ever does really stand still, mine did at that question, and as I listened for what Jack Corning would answer. I'd been feeling pretty easy about that affair all day; I'd almost forgotten it and had been having a wonderful time. Now here it was again, thrown right in my face the minute I got home.

Jack Corning sniffed. "Dead?" he repeated. "Not that I know of. But they've been trying to find out who did it—put that rope across the street, I mean—and Dale Drayton's confessed."

(Next month the Cayson affair becomes still more complicated, putting Sandsy and Larry in an unexpected light; the Look-see plays a prominent part; and Larry gets a bright idea.)

"This Is WOQ Broadcasting"

(Concluded from page 17)

radio questions and answers class which the editor of *Youth* conducts Tuesday morning from 11 to 11:30 illustrates the fact. One day not long ago he received a telephone call from a young woman whom he did not know. She explained that her mother had listened to his morning talks and although she had never seen him, she had come to think of him as a close friend and counsellor. Suddenly her mother passed on. The young woman wanted him to preach the funeral service. He did so.

Another woman wrote in asking the editor to help her locate her son who had disappeared after committing a forgery. She had confused WOQ's question and answer program with that of a psychic who broadcasts over another station, and wanted the speaker to locate her son and to send her the boy's address. Mr. Wilson wrote and told her that although not a psychic, he could tell her where her son was and how she could reach him; that the boy was in God's loving care; that he was the upright, honest son of God; and that by her love she could reach him and help him to do right.

She was disappointed in this answer but was impressed by its sincerity. She decided that perhaps he was right and she followed the editor's advice. Not long after that her son wrote to her. He

had gotten back on the right track, was working and learning a good profession. She felt that God had guided her to WOQ.

WOQ's daily prayer service is known as God's Half Hour and is perhaps the most widely appreciated program put on the air by this station. Loud speakers have been installed throughout the Unity buildings and when 11 o'clock comes the loud speakers are turned on and the 400 workers at Unity headquarters rise and stand in silent meditation while the Lord's Prayer is being broadcast. This program is given by workers of Silent Unity, a consecrated group of ninety students of Truth who serve the many students and members of Unity by helping them solve their problems through helpful advice by mail and by daily prayer. It is estimated that many thousands of persons listen in to this daily feature.

"This is radio station WOQ, the Unity School at Kansas City. We are broadcasting on an assigned frequency of 610 kilocycles as authorized by the Federal Radio Commission, and are signing off until our next period of broadcasting which will be at 11 o'clock tomorrow morning when we go on the air again with God's Half Hour. Good night."

(The End)

Graduation

(Concluded from page 27)

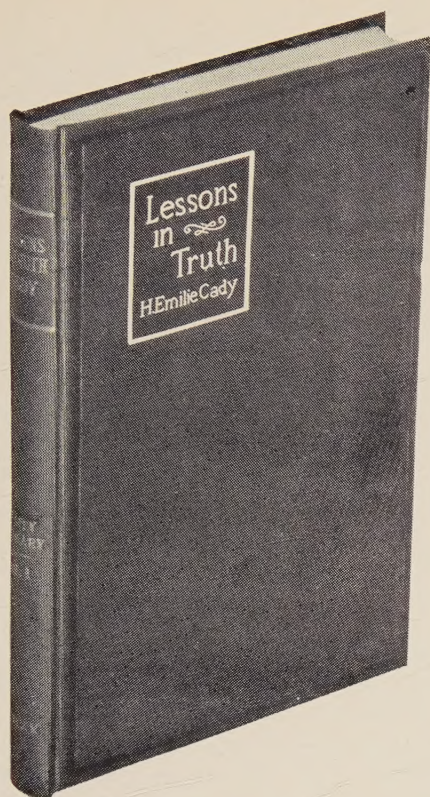
just cannot understand how so many persons find so many things to be unhappy about. There is a strength of character reflected in Mickey's personality that the world is not going to be able to overlook when it knows him.

These four typify the many graduates of our schools throughout the land who are on the eve of starting the next lap of their journey through life. They may scatter to the four corners of the world, have varied and interesting experiences and perhaps varied degrees of success. They are about to leave their homes, and most of them as they branch out and fol-

low their future lines of endeavor, will be only periodical "visitors" with their parents and brothers and sisters. The graduating classes as units will likely never be together again. Most of these young people will find themselves in a new environment to which they must become adjusted. Their possibilities as individuals are in direct proportion to their own conceptions of those possibilities.

Mickey McFarland recognizes no obstacle or circumstance as insurmountable, and, in spite of all his apparent handicaps, time will prove that he has started well ahead of many of his classmates.

(The End)



For The Graduate

THERE are a number of *Youth* readers who are graduating this month. We hope that *Youth* has been a help to them in reaching this graduation period and now we would like to suggest a further help—*Lessons in Truth*.

Lessons in Truth is the official Truth book for beginning Truth students. It teaches the fundamental principles of happiness, health, and success; and are they not just the things that all graduates are seeking?

Lessons in Truth is not a book that you will read once and then cast aside, but one you will use all your life.

Each time that you read it you will receive new courage to make your life the success that you want it to be.

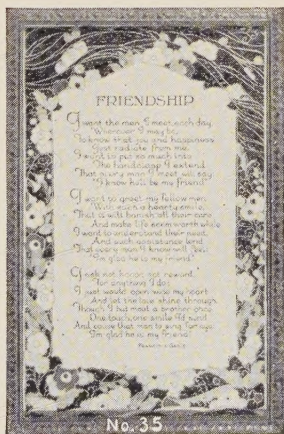
Cloth bound. Price, \$1.

A Practical and Inexpensive Gift

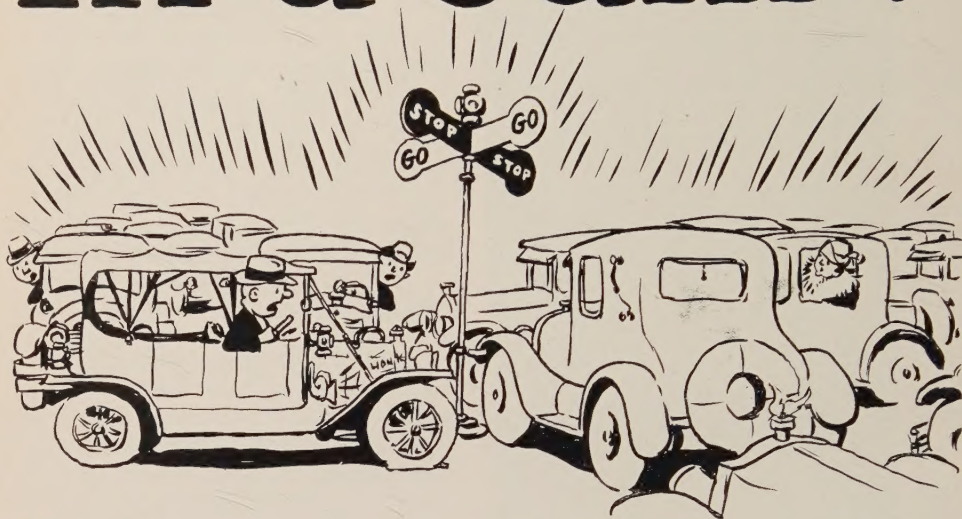
JUNE brings the end of many school day friendships. Would you not like to give to your friends some little thing to remind them in the years to come of the pleasant days you have had together? We suggest a Unity motto as your graduation gift to the friends whom you like best.

Unity mottoes are attractively illustrated and framed. They cover a variety of sentiments but the one which we suggest as most appropriate for this occasion is that lovely bit of verse by Francis J. Gable on "Friendship." This motto, size 7 by 11 inches, sells for \$1.50.

UNITY SCHOOL OF CHRISTIANITY
917 Tracy, Kansas City, Mo.



In a Jam?



HAVE you ever been downtown on a busy day, when there wasn't a traffic policeman in sight, and cars were trying to cross an intersection in every direction and none was making any progress?

Has that scene ever reminded you of your own affairs—reminded you that everything was running wild and beyond your control?

The Prosperity Bank drill is designed to keep one out of mental "jams." Its use will give one poise, self-assurance, and a knowledge that all is well.

UNITY SCHOOL
OF CHRISTIANITY,
917 Tracy Avenue,
Kansas City, Mo.

Please give me your prayers for increased prosperity and send a Prosperity Bank in which I agree to save daily over a period of seven weeks coins with which to pay for Unity periodicals, either for myself or for my friends. I will use daily the statement which you send me and I will coöperate with you to the best of my ability by striving to build up within myself the awareness of my sonship with God, through which abundance will come to me. Within seven weeks, when I send you my savings, I will also send you the names and addresses of friends to whom I wish Unity periodicals to be sent.

Name
Address
City State

At the same time that the Prosperity Bank is helping to straighten out your affairs it offers you a plan whereby you may help three of your friends, too. The plan is for you to send them *Youth* magazine for one year and in that way open the Truth road for them.

Fill out the blank and mail it to us today; the Prosperity Bank plan will help you out of any jam you are in, and will keep you out of others.

It will provide you a road map for success, and will give you the help of Silent Unity for seven weeks, in keeping on the right road. It will help to make all your ways pleasant, and all your paths peaceful.